month from the granting of a charter, Alexander Harvey of Barnet was elected president and William Chamberlin secretary. The first treasurer was not elected until the annual meeting in 1797. The charter makes the Board self-perpetuating, gives it absolute power over the school and all its belongings, and makes it amenable to no power under the sun, and the Board has always so understood it and acted accordingly.

In all the century there have been but eleven presidents: Hon. Alexander Harvey in 1795; Rev. David Goodwillie, 1799; Hon. William Chamberlin, 1813; Rev. Leonard Worcester, 1828; Hon. John W. Chandler, 1839; William Mattocks, Esq., 1840; Rev. Thomas Goodwillie, 1841; Dr. Josiah Shedd, 1845; Rev. Thomas Goodwillie again, 1852; Rev. James M. Beattie, 1867; Dr. Luther F. Parker, 1884; Hon. Cloud Harvey, 1892. The century which began with an honored son of Barnet, ends with the first president's worthy grandson.

There have been but seven treasurers, the most important officer, in the century. Gen. James Whitelaw was chosen in 1797; Hon. John W. Chandler, 1806; Samuel A. Chandler, Esq., 1840; Rev. Asaph Boutelle, 1855; Hon. Ezra Carter Chamberlin, 1856; John Varnum, Jr., Esq., 1870; Hon. George P. Blair, the present incumbent, 1889.

There have been but eight secretaries. Hon. William Chamberlin was chosen in 1795. For more than 30 years the board met at his house. His record, though plain, shows the peculiarity of thought and spelling and the quaint handwriting of those early days. Rev. Leonard Worcester succeeded him in 1812. I am glad he learned the printer's trade in his youth, for his copy is as plain as copper plate, as though he had prepared it for the printer. Dr. Josiah Shedd was chosen in 1839. Rev. David Merrill, an honored son of the town and alumnus of this Academy, succeeded him. From 1861 to 1865, Rev. Asaph Boutelle was secretary. In 1865, Hon. Mordecai Hale took the pen. In 1870, John Varnum, Jr., commenced his contribution to the secretary's book. In 1889, Hon. George P. Blair was chosen secretary and remained with us until this day.

In 1838, Gov. Erastus Fairbanks was elected a trustee, but I find no record of his ever acting with the board, probably because he was too busy inventing something that should make St. Johnsbury a "bigger" town than Peacham.

The exact date of opening the school I cannot ascertain, but it was sometime during the latter part of the year 1797. Ezra Carter, Esq., a graduate of Dartmouth college, was the first preceptor, at a salary of $333.33. All parties agree that no mistake was made in securing the first instructor. Mr. Carter was peculiarly suited to the times and the place. Strong physically, vigorous mentally, he aimed straight at his object and accomplished it.

Master Carter died at the early age of thirty-eight, but he gave a grand impetus to the school, and in the right direction, and his character and worth grow brighter as the years roll away.

Time would fail me to speak of Evarts, and Chassell, and Christie, and the Chamberlins, and Merrill, and the Worcesters, and Bartlett, and Lord, and Chase, both father and son, and Bradlee, and Rix, and Miller, and Pearson, and Morrill, and Thompson, and Watts, and Tirrell, and Cambridge, and others whose names even I have not time to mention—all these have done a work here in this humble school among the green hills of Vermont which shall last long after their monuments have crumbled into dust. Many of the forty-one principals have reached eminent distinction in their chosen callings, in law, politics, theology, teaching, and the various departments of business. Volumes might be written of these and their benefactions to mankind.

Of one principal who, from 1867 to 1895, rattled round in the place filled by so many able men for three-quarters of a century, I may not speak; but the hundreds and hundreds of young ladies and gentlemen who, during those twenty-eight years, pursued their studies in the Caledonia County Grammar school, it is not my purpose to pass by in silence. In the prime of life, most of them today, they constitute a glorious army whose elastic tread is felt the broad earth around as it marches forth on its imperial mission to bless and benefit mankind.

I think it was the purpose of the founders of the academy to furnish a free school to all pupils in the county, but they soon realized the cost of such a school, and at their annual meeting in November, 1797, they voted that each pupil entering school on or after December 1, 1797, should pay one shilling per month in advance for procuring wood for winter, purchasing a book for records and other contingent expenses of the school, and all persons who apply for admission, not in the county, pay four shillings per month in advance. At their annual meeting in November, 1798, they voted that each pupil pay 25 cents per quarter for the purpose of procuring globes, and for other necessary expenses. This is the first record I find of using our present system of dollars and cents in money matters. At the annual meeting of the Board the next year, we notice a vote to make the tuition seventeen cents in advance for each quarter, to cover the expense of an addition to the academy. At the annual meeting of the Board in September, 1800, they passed a very significant vote, far-reaching in its consequences.

"Voted 5th That the several engagements entered into by the Inhabitants of the Town of Peacham, as proposed in the memorial of William Chamberlin to the Legislature of this state, in their behalf (being the Condition on which the grant fixing the County Grammar school in Said Town was made) have been fully and Punctually fulfilled."

At the same meeting the trustees voted to make the tuition one shilling per quarter in advance for procuring wood and making up the deficiency of the funds for the salary of the preceptor, and that the school year should be forty-eight weeks in length. Think of that, youth and maiden, who often find yourselves so tired at the middle of the term that you have to leave school!

In 1803, mention is made in the treasurer's book of paying Miss Clarissa Bates for teaching in the academy one year the sum of $120 and $10 for traveling expenses. Later on the names of Mrs. Emma Cole and Miss Sally Whitcher appear with the princely sum of $3 per week and traveling expenses. In 1810, Miss Ruth Skeele, the first girl born in Peacham, received the sum of $2.50 per week including board.

Up to the year 1803, the trustees had received nothing for their services. At the annual meeting for that year they voted to pay each member $1 per day and expenses, and that they should bring in their account for past services at the next annual meeting.

In 1804, the board voted to make an addition to the Academy sufficiently large to accommodate those who wish to study the languages and the sciences, and that the expense be defrayed in part by an additional tax on the students of 25 cents each, to be paid at the commencement of each quarter. In 1805, it was voted that the tuition of scholars from other counties be the same as formerly, and that each scholar from this county shall pay 50 cents at the beginning of each quarter for the year ensuing. At the annual meeting, 1809, the trustees passed this vote: "That the tuition for the year ensuing for the Inhabitants of the County be twelve and one half cents per month and for non-residents studying the languages seventy-five cents per month and for English scholars fifty cents per month."

At the annual meeting held in 1812, "Voted That the Tuition to be paid by Scholars belonging to the County, for the year ensuing shall be twenty-five cents, for every six weeks, to be paid at the commencement of each term; and that students in the Languages, and Females, attending to Painting and Embroidery, belonging out of the county, shall pay seventy-five cents per month; and English Scholars belonging out of the County, fifty Cents per month."

In 1819, it was voted that each scholar in the county pay twenty-five cents every six weeks, and all others pay seventy-five cents for the languages and fifty cents for English. In 1820, the tuition was again changed. It was made $1.50 for common English and $2 for higher branches, but each scholar should pay for, at least, half a term. Scholars in and out of the county were put upon the same basis. In 1825, the tuition was lowered one-half, but the next year it was again raised to $1.25 for higher studies and $1 for common English per quarter. Five years later it was again raised to $1.50 and $2. But an advancing civilization makes everything dearer and in 1833 the tuition was changed to $3 for higher branches and $2 for lower, per quarter.

In 1842, the Board voted themselves $1.50 per day and ten cents mileage, which is the sum at present. In process of time the tuition was raised to $3 for common English and $4 for higher studies. At last, in 1892, the highest figures were reached, namely, $4 for the lower studies and $5 for the higher. These are the figures at the present time, and they are considerably lower than in most schools.

There have been practically three different buildings during the 100 years. Of the first building, enlarged at different times, I have already spoken.

As the school was nearing its half century mark it experienced that "tired feeling" caused by so much useless climbing of Academy Hill. All contention between the two sides of the hill for advantage had ceased; the building was getting rheumatic and ill-adapted to its purpose, and, all assenting, it was determined to build a new edifice on this side of the hill in the village. Again the town, as usual, came nobly to the rescue. The trustees proposed to build a new house provided the citizens would subscribe $500. The money was raised without difficulty. After much shrewd manœuvering on the part of the board for a title to a site in the midst of the village the present excellent location was secured. The lot being too small Gov. Mattocks donated a slice from his garden.

As nearly as I can ascertain from the secretary's book, the trustees put in $2,000 of their money, and, after using the $500 subscribed by the town found themselves minus about $400, which they managed in some way to pay.

The building was finished in 1843. It answered its purpose very well for 43 years, enlarged, remodelled, refitted and refurnished at various times.

In outward appearance it was far more imposing than the present structure. The old scholars miss the handsome Doric pillars in front which gave the building a classic air.

Three years after the erection of this building occurred the celebration of the semi-centennial of the school. A brief minute which the board directed the secretary to make, an "Order of Exercises" of the day, and a highly appropriate ode written by Oliver Johnson, the able associate of Garrison in the anti-slavery cause and the steadfast friend of his school and his native town, are all that remain of that occasion save what is treasured in the memories of the oldest inhabitants.

In 1885 it became necessary to repair this building. The trustees disliked to use their capital for this purpose, but they saw no other way, and at their annual meeting in 1885, they voted $250.

The day of the meeting Hon. John B. Gilfillan of Minneapolis, a former pupil who has won fame in congress and fortune in the West, happened to be in the village. Learning of the purpose to repair his old Academy, he desired to see the edifice. The secretary went over the building with him. He at once saw that $250 was wholly inadequate to make the needed repairs. He offered to pay an additional $250 provided the town would contribute a like sum. While Peacham, always ready to pay anything for her school, was fumbling for her pocket-book, Capt. Charles Stuart, a lively, breezy Westerner, a native of Barnet, happened along and particular pains were taken to call his attention to the needs of the school. Upon looking the building over he condemned the whole structure except the four granite stones supporting the pillars. He said he would give $300, provided $3,000 could be raised from any source. A meeting of the citizens was called, these propositions made known, and it was voted enthusiastically to accept Capt. Stuart's proposition. Dr. Ferdinand Blanchard, an expert in such matters, was selected to canvass the town. He soon succeeded in raising the sum of $1,300 from Peacham and immediate vicinity. Encouraged by this success a committee was appointed to prepare circulars in order to appeal to the alumni. It was the first appeal ever made to them and the response was exceedingly generous and hearty. Two thousand dollars was speedily pledged. At a public meeting a committee was appointed to construct the best building they could with the money. Martin S. Hidden was chairman and, being a skilled mechanic, he was, by general consent, instructed to take sole charge of the work. By the middle of the fall term of 1886, Mr. Hidden had the house ready for occupancy.

Aside from the lands in the different towns of the county, granted by charter, the school has received but few funds during its hundred years. Early in the century James Orr of Barnet left as a legacy to the Academy a farm valued at $1000. In 1850, Dr. Josiah Shedd gave the institution good notes amounting to $1000. In his communication to the trustees bestowing the donation he calls it a "semi-centennial gift."

On his death Dr. Shedd increased his legacy to $2,000, and his wife, Mrs. Lydia Shedd, daughter of General Chamberlin, left the further sum of $1000, the interest only to be used in paying the tuition of indigent students.

What became of those twelve students of the Caledonia County Grammar school concerning whose early discipline the trustees were so careful and faithful? Tradition says they all, or nearly all, turned out useful and worthy men. Some reached exalted station, and one became our greatest alumnus, the pride and glory of the school. Remembering what human nature is, we may conjecture that the boys were chagrined by their humiliation, but not all showed it. Judge Parker certainly did not early die of a broken heart, for he lived to the age of ninety-two and furnished, in one of his boys, a trustee and president of the Board for many years. Abel Walker yet lives in his stalwart, worthy sons, who have always been an honor to Caledonia county. Dr. Fisk won world-wide fame as a great preacher and leader in the Methodist denomination. Hon. Samuel Merrill became an eminent lawyer in the West and gave the name, Indianapolis, to one of our great inland cities.

David Gould became a man of prominence in the community in which he lived.

But Thaddeus Stevens, the ringleader of this refractory band of performers, took his humiliation less philosophically. Wilful, headstrong, he yielded only because he could do nothing else; but it was probably the last time his imperial will ever bowed to the will of man. Poor, lame, his only support his hard-working mother, his one overmastering, burning desire was to secure an education.

One day a fire occurred at school and burned up the books and hat of Stevens. Coming down the hill, bareheaded, he met one of the citizens whom his cotemporaries called Jack Mattocks, but whom all posterity call Governor Mattocks. The general handed the boy two dollars, saying: "Here, Thad, take this and buy some books and go to college without a hat."

He completed his fit, but never forgot his chagrin. I used to hear the older men of this town, who knew him well, say that after he reached national renown, although they often invited him, they never could get him back to Peacham to make a speech. Poor Thad! Even while he was undergoing the humiliating act of signing that paper in the presence of those hard-hearted, uncompromising trustees, pledging himself never more to act a part in any tragedy in the Academy, there had already been decreed, in the mind and will of Omnipotence, one of the awfullest tragedies of human history, and in that tragedy Thaddeus Stevens was destined to act a leading part on a stage of which not America alone but all the world were to be spectators. After leaving college, as soon as he could earn his way, he prepared himself for the bar, and made the great state of Pennsylvania his home. In the political ground-swells of that state we finally see him in the legislature. His poverty, his early struggles, and his hard lot taught him to make his life work one constant, never-ceasing battle in behalf of the weak, down-trodden and oppressed of every race and color. His career in the legislature was at the time when Pennsylvania was in the formative state in regard to her educational system. Stevens at once espoused the cause of the youth and the public school.

With tireless, unflagging energy he wrought, day and night, to bring within the reach of all the boundless blessings of the free public school. The turning point had come. It was in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg. Everything looked as though the bill destroying the free school would pass. Stevens rose to make, perhaps, the greatest forensic effort of his life. He was forty-three years old, in the very prime of his majestic manhood. Soon every whisper was hushed in that great presence, every eye was riveted upon the great orator, every ear was strained to catch the slightest word that fell from the lips of the Caledonia county boy as the fires of his genius flashed forth while he pictured the measureless evils that would follow in the wake of ignorance and vice, and the boundless blessings that would follow in the train of the free school. It was as if Webster were pleading the cause of Dartmouth college, his cherished Alma Mater; or Burke were impeaching Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors in the great historic hall of William Rufus. He ceased and before the vote was taken every one knew that the free school was secured to the great Keystone state, forever and forever. Thaddeus Stevens was now famous, but he was not yet thoroughly prepared for the great tragedy that was to open upon his native land.

True, David Chassell, D. D., and the Academy lyceum here in Peacham had done the intellectual part well, but there was yet a moral preparation which should fit him for the great part he was soon to take. I have called him headstrong, wilful. He cared nothing for the conventionalities of life nor did he consider whether his meat and drink would make his brother to offend. The Lord had to finish with him what the trustees had failed wholly to accomplish.

There was in his neighborhood a society of young men, and Stevens was one of them, organized for personal enjoyment. They played cards and drank rum.

One night one of Stevens' companions got so much enjoyment into him that two associates had to take him home. He was so drunk that his helpers could not get him up stairs and left him to sleep off his drunken stupor. When his wife came down in the morning she found her husband dead. Stevens was inexpressibly shocked. He took an axe and broke in the head of every liquor cask in his cellar, and from that hour was a teetotaler.

Eighteen forty-nine found our boy, who could never again play in any tragedies, comedies and other theatrical parts by candle light here in Peacham, in the House of Representatives of the thirty-first Congress. There were giants in those days in the American Congress. For nearly two decades he was associated with the greatest intellects this country has ever produced, always excepting the Revolutionary epoch.

There he met Webster, Clay, Calhoun, that great triumvirate. There he counseled with Chase, Hale, Hamlin, Seward, Sumner, Giddings, Garfield and Blaine. There he antagonized such men as Soule, Stephens, Davis, Toombs and Cobb. He was the peer of them all and he knew it. The North and the South were about to submit to the arbitrament of war the question of African slavery which human argument could never settle. The tragedy was ready. The stage was ready. There being no trustees to say him nay, Stevens was ready. The first shot fired in '61 upon the stars and stripes rang up the curtain. Stevens hated slavery with a hatred that verged on madness. All the years of his political life, yes, and his life in the Caledonia County Grammar school, had been fitting him for this crisis that was upon the country. While politicians and statesmen even were looking for a compromise, he was determined upon the extinction of slavery. Every arrow of ridicule, wit, sarcasm or invective from his twanging bow was aimed straight at the throat of the black monster. From the first, Stevens saw what many of the great leaders did not see, that the conflict would be protracted, desperate, bloody and prepared accordingly.

As chairman of the ways and means committee, he wielded more influence, probably, than any other man in America. Every morning during those four red hot years of war and grief and blood, Congress watched to see what the "performance" of the great commoner was to be. Every evening the daily papers were scanned here in Peacham by gray-haired men to see what the "performance" of their old schoolmate "Thad" had been the day before in Congress.

Knowing perfectly well that the war must be pushed with all vigor until slavery was uprooted from the land, he used the immense resources of the North to hurl upon the cohorts of treason and rebellion the mighty hosts of freedom until the power of the South was crushed and slavery destroyed at Appomattox.

Nor was the play ended even then. What a spectacle for gods and men to see the great commoner, now an old, gray-headed man, feeble, tottering on the brink of the grave, drag the recreant Andrew Johnson from the highest position on earth to the bar of the American Senate and there impeach him of high crimes and misdemeanors. His last part was to see the last three amendments to the constitution practically assured. Then the curtain fell. The tragedy was ended. His life work done.

He has been called cruel and hard-hearted. It has been said that he forgot the companions of his youth. He has been called unsympathetic and ungrateful.

Thaddeus Stevens was no Puritan. I do not claim it; but a grateful nation freed from the curse of slavery, redeemed, blood-bought, long ago threw the mantle of charity over his faults.

Do you call him cruel and hard-hearted? His executor found $100,000 in notes and accounts not to be collected because his debtors needed the money more than he.

Do you say that he forgot the companions of his youth? Visit the Peacham Juvenile Library society which he founded while a boy here in school and endowed generously at his death, for your answer.

Do you say he was unsympathetic and ungrateful? Read the beautiful tribute he paid his mother. Witness the money he bestowed without stint upon her to gratify her every wish, and then visit that mother's grave on yonder hill, covered with "roses and other cheerful flowers," which her illustrious son out of his grateful filial heart has ordained to bloom perennially so long as Peacham has a corporate existence.

In a humble cemetery in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, because open to black men as well as white, he ordered his grave to be made; and in that grave over which no granite shaft can ever be erected firm enough to typify the solidity of his character, high enough to transcend his rugged virtues, around which no work of art, fashioned by the cunning hand of man from purest gold can symbolize the boundless affluence of his life, reposes the mortal form of him who was and is the crowning glory of Caledonia County Grammar school

After music by the Neapolitan orchestra the following poem was read by Prof. H. D. Wild of Williams college.

Centennial Poem.

A night of stars on memory's lonely shore
Brought songs to one who stened from afar.
Sad parting songs, by youthful voices sung,
Thus far together had they tasted life
As life is at the first, and hand in hand
Had wrought and loved. But now at length had come
The time that tries the secret soul if it
Be gold or dust. A sigh, a kiss, a pledge
Of holy faith to shining purposes,
And they had passed forever from the calm
Where trusting youth enwraps itself with youth
Into the stormy place of larger self.
As streams that mass their joy through pleasant lands,
Until wide ocean with its boisterous arms
Breaks them to waves that break on distant shores.

But on the morn there came another song
Across the waves, clearnoted, joyous now,
With organ peal of action rising to
The diapason of man's conscious strength,
While suddenly o'er all there burst and swelled
The chorus of reunion; and it seemed
A song of Peacham, and its hills and streams.

O place of peace among the hills,
Where brooks speak gently to the farms
In stir of solitary mills,
And vale to vale bends wooded arms,
We greet thee, place of peace!

Thy rocks are stern, but rich the green
That covers them. Strong are thy sons,
But gloried with the softened mien
Of books, whose culture overruns
Thy longer history.

Yon cedar grove, where breezes cool
Their panting breath, and August noons
Rock lazily on sedgy pool
In stolen couch of midnight moons,
Thee too we know and love.

Thou mighty rock, from crag uptorn
And dropped in distant vale, a place
Of childhood's play, deep waterworn
To shelves and crevices, thy face
All mossy-grown we greet

And yonder stern, tree-bristling peak,
The view point of a forest's fame,
Long may the heavenly breezes speak
Sweet solace for its sulphurous name,
Majestic Devil Hill.

And Harvey's pond, deep-watered gem
That gleams to charm its mountain loves,
May suns ne'er cease to shine on them,
Or balsam winds like wings of doves
In flight to touch its shores.

Thou, Old Academy, thy shrine
We seek today. Thy learning's light
Has shone for us, and now let shine
To thee from us, serene and bright
The flame of reverence.

And so today we celebrate the past
And present; parting, union, a true growth;
While over all the flash of memory
Plays like the moment of the midday sun
That lightens up the forest openings
To fresher green, and in their foliage depths
Warms all the tangles to a genial smile.
Across the seas a queen crowns sixty years
With homage and applause from all the world.
Amid the quiet of a country town
A hundred years have crowned another queen.
No boom of guns from fairy-lighted ships,
No tramp of armed men from farthest East
Along the streets of centuries, no crowds
To shout in every tongue, "Long live the queen."
The world knows not. Yet our procession line
Shall be as memorable, of those who left
These doors to serve their home and land and God,
To fight a noble fight, and not for life
To lose the grounds of living. Peace of woods
And mountain winds shall silent blessings breathe
As here we crown our venerable queen.

What changes hast thou seen within these years,
Born sister to a nation's liberty!

Wide sweeps of forest turned to fertile farms,
The river's roar outnoised by factories,
The red man's trail outtrodden into roads,
Until at last the steam lived in the iron
And sent it on to touch the Western coast,
Making a place of hope of unknown lands.
And even as New England's hard-raised wheat
Has multiplied on plains of Washington,
So that clear thought that gave thee origin
Has spread in harvest of a thousand schools.
And thou hast seen the eager world move on,
Until in all the clash of destiny
One land, thy land, outgrows its infancy
And stands with ancient England, eye to eye,
And proudly smiles at war-spiked Germany.
Republics rise and fall, and yet these walls
Hear quiet, hourly classes as of yore,
And even while the star of Greece declines
Declensions here are still of ancient Greek.
Yet, though the world be elsewhere wholly mad,
In still redemption places it is sane;
And peaceful learning sources such as this
Send freshening breezes to earth's vilest air
In shape of mighty souls, the foes of wrong,
Who first learned here to think and feel their way
To truth and righteousness and liberty.

I saw in vision a fair Western land,
And groups of youths that seemed to gather flowers,
Some thoughtlessly, some earnestly, but all
With joy. One wore the golden rod of wealth
Until it drooped. Another plucked a rose
And said, "This shall be fame;" but soon it passed.
A lily on one's bosom spoke of love,
And he beheld no other flower save this.
But, looking soon, I saw no lily, but
A face of tears. Yet one there was in all
Whose face was bright with learning's keen desire,
And, walking there, he seemed proprietor,
And he alone. Pausing before each bloom
He drank in all its beauty, scent and form,
And marked its coloring and tracery
The golden-rod was blessing him with wealth
Although he plucked it not. The rose was his
But faded not. The lily's love was his,
Without the tears; and when he passed the gate
I followed him and saw a man whose face
Shone with the light of knowledge, and his skirts
Were scented with the rich perfume of all
The flowers. So passed he out into the world.

Academy of years! Thy life work this,
To set a mental goal beyond the earth,
And shed the light of culture over all,
That indefinable rich air of thought,
Of better feeling and of keener sight
That makes life joy and man almost a God!

Beloved Academy! No shining word
Befits thy century's fame. The heart
Would breathe unspoken tribute and unheard
By all save thee. Of this a part
Be memory of happy student days;
A part be faith in future years;
But more than all and deeper be the praise
We give thy struggles, hopes and fears.
Calm is thy history as meadow-stream
That opens slowly from its source
Through widening, greener fields to break in gleam
At last in some still water-course.
But thou hast fructified thy town and state,
And many a one at thy release
Has made his distant way with step elate
To spread the lessons of thy peace.

Thou, dear Academy, e'en though unchanged,
Go on. The light that now fulfills
A hundred years of hope shall still undimmed
Reflect afar from Peacham's hills.

H. D. WILD.

Aug. 12, 1897.

After this poem an adjournment was made till 2 o'clock p. m.

[Continued on fourth page.]